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1945-10-20 Alfred P. Maurice Letter to Dolores Robson

Alfred P. Maurice, 1921-

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Saturday 20 October 1945

(57)

Hells Sweetheart;

It is a nice day here, but a hot one. Not quite as hot as it was yesterday but still much hotter than I wish it was. There wasn't an awful lot to do this morning so I composed two letters, one to the Registrar at UNH asking him to forward a transcript of my marks to the Registrar at MSC. The second letter was to the Registrar at MSC telling him I want to sign up for the spring term there and asking him how I should go about it. I told him my marks were being forwarded from UNH. If I can get all the preliminary work, incidental to Enrolling, out of the way it will be much easier. I have meant to do this for quite a while and am glad I finally got it straightened out. I'm going to explain that I do not want to accept all the credits from ASTP toward my degree because I shall have to take many art courses to major in that and if I take all the ASTP credits I'll graduate before I'm able to get the art courses I need. Sounds funny not wanting to take all the credits I can get though doesn't it?

There are more new men around here now. I don't know half the fellows in the Command any more, even by sight. We don't have any new men in our office (G-3 section that is) but G-1 just got a whole new section. They have about twenty new men. There are only seven enlisted men in our whole section.

One reason why I had so little to do this morning is that I did not have to make the charts for the deputy chief of staff. He is sick. It seems that he has

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a bad case of galloping diarrhoea. I just hope it keeps him galloping for some time to come. I could do very well not seeing his stupid face around for a while.

There was a lot of fun at the ball game between the officers and the enlisted men yesterday. It seems that the general plays second base for the officers. The umpire on bases is a former professional umpire, an enlisted man. On three different plays at second base the same thing happened. The general got the ball in time to tag the runner out as he came into second, but each time he couldn't bend over quite enough and the runners managed to slip a leg in under to touch the base before they were tagged.

The general, naturally felt that he had put the men out and then would come the argument. The umpire just stood his ground and kept telling the general off. It was really funny. The umpire kept shutting the general up by telling him, "When you put the ball on the man before he touches the base I'll call him out, but not until then." Then the general told the umpire where to stand to see the play. This really got the umpire mad so he shouted, "Look, goddam it, all my life I've been paid to stand right here and watch plays and this is right where I'm going to stand." Finally the general turned to the adjutant general and kiddingly yelled, "Godfin, cut that man's orders for Tokyo." Everyone really enjoyed this argument because it is so damned seldom that anyone ever sees an enlisted man really giving a major general as much as he takes from him.

By the way Darling, don't ever think my aversion to raisins is purely psychological. I proved that it wasn't last night. One of the fellows, Van Fossen, usually brings me a sandwich or piece of pie when he returns from work at the officer's club. Last night he woke me and handed me a sandwich. I couldn't see what it was but started to eat it. I took the first bite and found that it was a liverwurst sandwich, and I believe you know that I like "liverswurst" sandwiches, but something wrong with it. I couldn't tell just what it was but I just couldn't swallow the stuff. I finally got the first bite down and tried a second, figuring that maybe it was just because I was sleepy that this had happened. The second bite went down even harder than the first so I had to throw the sandwich in the butt can. In the morning I discovered that it was a raisin bread sandwich, so you see Honey, my digestive system just refuses to have anything to do with raisins and it is not a mental situation.

I finished another cartoon lampooning the officers this afternoon and it was shown to the Chief of staff and the general. They both enjoyed it. I'll send you the other one I did so you can judge for yourself if my technique is improving. I think it is. John Kowalechuk told me last night that if I ever did any political cartoons in civilian life I could send them to him and he could assure me he would see that they were printed in some liberal Pennsylvania paper. That's an offer which I shall probably take him up on. He has quite a few connections with politicians and newspapermen at home.

Say, Snow White, you will really look pallid in comparison to me when I return to you for I am getting more and more tanned every day. At the present time I am approaching the state of being a nice uniform chocolate brown. By the time I reach home, you shall have lost the last vestiges of your tan, unless you make use of the sun lamp you have. I'll have to get a little more sunlight at noontime when I can sit outside in the row because at the present time I am getting most of my tan while playing volleyball ~~because~~ and have to wear shorts so that I don't get an all over tan. I have a lighter strip across the groin. That will never do.

I see where Lifespac, which is in charge of the 14th aa Command has set a goal on getting men out of the theater. This shall probably be followed quite closely unless the merchant marine and Navy fail to cooperate in getting the ships to us. The schedule states that all 70 point men shall be out of this theater (on their way home) by December 1st, all 60 point men by ~~December 1st~~ ^{January} and all 50 pointers by February first. I certainly

hope the shipping comes through on schedule because if it does I shall leave here sometime in in January. I hope and pray this shall be so for I do so want to be back home in February. That would be ideal for us because I could spend a little time at home and then ^{we} could be married and take our weeks' vacation and I'd have probably a couple of weeks to have a little

rest and adjustment before I start school. By adjustment I do not, I definitely do not, mean that I shall return to you a psychopathic case. I just mean that it will take me a short while to get over being in a stained uniform and ^{to get} to wearing civilian clothes again. I shall not get the chance to get used to wearing clothes during our one week honeymoon because I intend to be sans clothing all that while. My work during that time will not require me to be fully dressed. I don't think you will be overloaded with clothing either. I may be wrong but, I think not. We will have a wonderful time - the time of our life.

Goodbye now Sweetheart. I'll send you all the great love I have for you; a love which could never effectively be put on paper. Just close your eyes and you may be able to taste this kiss. I'm sending you to show you how much I love you.

Forever.

Daddie